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continuously expanding, in continuously giving out to other human minds in ever increasing numbers.'"

In poetry there is Salvatore di Giacomo. His collected poems make a good-sized volume of 400 pages dedicated to Benedetto Croce, full of sonnets, canzoni and what he calls ariette, a sort of madrigal. These poems are like Italian music, and most of them should be chanted—little poems of love, of sentiment, of one emotion or another. They follow the long Italian tradition of ballata and canzone which presupposes that dance and song should accompany poetry:

Since music and sweet poetry agree
As needs they must, the sister and the brother—

for the Italians, especially Italians of the South, do not separate those which nature has joined; they make music, song and dance three ingredients of one harmony. Di Giacomo has none of the theories that occupy our present American poetry; he has no unrhymed cadences, his verses keep time like the feet of a dancing faun, he has no lines that are only to be distinguished from prose by ennobling the first word of the line with a capital letter. He is all for rhyme and melody. But, to look at his pages is a little like listening to an Italian opera; music is there, melody, emotional throbs and all the emphasis of laughter or tears, but the meaning is obscured, if not wholly hidden from those who are not masters of the Neapolitan dialect in which they are all written. This veil of unintelligibility thrown over the rational aspect of the poem adds as much in one way as it detracts in another. His verses conjure up all the latent forces of imagination and quicken our poetic speculation:

What forms are these coming
So bright through the gloom?
What garments outglisten
The gold-flowered broom?

We perceive the form, we catch the glitter, but only through the somewhat too dense gloom of dialect. It is true that there is a glossary in the back, very much as some editions of Burns's poems append a vocabulary to explain Scottish terms to English readers. By the aid of this glossary and helped by lucky guesses, those who have patience and leisure and are willing to put up with little lapses of understanding can make out that a sonnet on a love-letter wishes the letter to be frank and free English-fashion, full of wooing words, and that the lover puts in a sigh, a tear and a rose and wraps them up in an envelope of kisses. Some are gruesome; for instance, a sonnet depicts an incident where a company of lads and girls are at table: "Come join us." "Good day to you." "Take a seat." "Thanks, where is Vito." "He has gone out, he'll be back in a minute." "Try this melon, it has such a flavor. Take a slice, do." "I don't care for any." "Oh, do." "No, thanks, I have no appetite." "Well, take a little wine." "Thanks, just a drop." "Oh, there's Vito." Then, it seems, the inquirer after Vito invites him to go out; they go, and you hear Vito cry: "Oh, he has killed me, help me, Oh, h-e-l-p!"

The variety in the poems is very great—they range from lively to severe, from grave to gay; the foreigners get the impression that he hears the very language of the Neapolitan streets, sees the blue sky of Southern Italy, smells the orange blossom and the hedge roses, hears the waves come breaking on the beach, and over all the sense of the tragedy of life that seems to overhang these sad-eyed Southerners and force them to sing and dance and make love so much the more ardently.

One might go on with the list of men of intellectual note at Naples. There is, for instance, Vittorio Spinazzola, head of the Museo and of the excavations at Pompeii, a distinguished archæologist; but enough has been said to show how little tourists know of the serious, thinking Naples that lies behind the veil of her brilliant beauty.

Henry Dwight Sedgwick

THE HOLLY WOOD

In the stranger's land, on Christmas Eve,
Back of the firing-line they halt—
An English troop, for a night's reprieve,
Yet they hear the guns of the long assault.

And it chanced that a holly wood was near!
What the morrow may bring not now they reck;
With a single thought, so wild and dear,
They gather the green their tents to deck!

And yet, and yet, when the morrow came,
By the surge of the battle over swept,
These were the two that Fate did claim . . .
And all by the holly wood they slept.

Edith M. Thomas

The English troop—they are all so young!
They jest, as they crowd their camp-fire round.
"Heigh, ho! the green holly!" a college boy sung,
As they lay stretched out on that alien ground.

Heigh, ho! There was silence after the song,
While the firelight danced on the fruited spray,
Till another spoke up, of that homesick throng,
"Oh, lads, confound the holly, I say!"